OVERBURY
Revived;

OR

A Satyricall Deſcription

Of the Vices of our preſent

TIMES

IN

Eſſayes and *Characters.*

LONDON:

Sold by *Henry Marſh* at the Princes *Armes* in *Chancery Lane* neer *Fleet-Street*, 1661.

April 27th 1768
found

TO THE READER.

READER,

I Suppose thou art now come into the *Stationers* Shop, and inquirest of him if he have *any thing that is new*; were *Solomon* at thy elbow he would tel thee *there is nothing new*

under the Sun; But it is common with Men, as wel as children, *to long for a new nothing*; And therefore to ſatisfie thy humour, he wil ſhew thee this Book, perhaps (for his own advantage) he wil ſay it is a *pretty piece*, if he does, I will aſſure thee he is not of my opinion: for whether it will be for his profit and thy pleaſure or not, I cannot tell, I am ſure it will not be for my credit.

It hath been the uſuall *Apologie* of thoſe who appear

peare in print, that it was againſt their own wils, and through the importunate deſire of friends, (*forſooth becauſe the World ſhould think them modeſt*) but our fault admits of no ſuch lying excuſe, for it was meerly my own folly and raſhneſſe that hath thus thruſt me upon the Stage of the World, where (I feare) I ſhall be hiſs'd rather then deſerve a *plaudite*.

I confeſſe *I* would willingly have called in my

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I confeſſe *I* would willingly have called in my

Book when it were but half printed, for it appeared unto me to ſavour more of *Drollery* then *Divinity*, which my ſecond thoughts, or reflections did clearly apprehend, I ſaw that there were but few pages, and yet in thoſe few more *Errata*'s both of the Author and *Printer*, then in ſome great Volumes, a true *Looking-glaſſe* to repreſent my life and actions, for my yeares have not much exceeded ſix and twenty; and yet perhaps in this ſmall

ſpan

ſpan, or little *Epitome* of age you may read more errors, and miſcarriages, then in his, whoſe years are written in folio; and hath outlived fourſcore; but I hope Gods mercy will forgive the one, and thy ingenuity pardon the other.

However I have now ventured to ſend it forth into the World, and where it ſhall find entertainment I know not, perhaps it may light into ſome Ladies lap and have ſo much honour as to poſſeſſe the place of

her

her *little Dog*; but let her beware how she handles it for if she be not vertuous *It will bite her.*

Yet *I* have not in any of these following discourses reflected upon any particular Person, save only in the Character of a *Scandalous Minister*, where *I* took for my Copy one whom I had some cause to know in the Country, and who (I think) having an intent that *I* should draw his picture) came to me at *London* to give me a second view

view of his Drunkenneſſe and ſwearing; *I* had (indeed) limned him a little more to the life, but that I thought it a ſin to foul too much paper with ſo baſe a ſubject. I have been too guilty of that already; for alas! whileſt I was writing my mind was like a *troubled Sea*; and therefore wonder not if my pen caſt up *mire* and *dirt*.

To be too tart and ſatyrical hath been alwayes my infirmity, I was once complained of to the *Juſtices*,

ſtices, for going about *to piſtoll a blind Prieſt with an Ink-horn*, nor was it ſtrange for might *I* have had the benefit of the *Preſs* no piſtoll could have more wounded his body then my Inkhorn would have done his reputation.

Printing and *Guns* are two modern inventions, & the one as well as the other hath made the *leaden Mine* as diſtructive to mankind as the golden; Men may be ſaid to ſhoot from the *Preſs* as well as from the

the *Artillery*, ſome (like *Jehu*) to wound, others (like *Jonathan*) to warn; that is either by writing of *railing invectives*, or *ſober exhortations*; . *Polemicall diſcourſes* are like ſhooting at a mark, which mark ought to be truth, *ſchiſmatical Pamphlets* are *Granado's*, *Playes*, and *Romances* are ſquibs & crackers which though they wound not with their bullets, yet they blind with their powder.

Reader, amongſt which of theſe *five-men* thou wilt rank me, I know not; only I beſeech thee put on charity, (for thy ſpectacles) and read on. *VALE.*

A Table of the several Subjects of this Book.

VIZ.

of

- *Man in generall.*
- *A religious Prince.*
- *A reverend Divine.*
- *A vertuous Woman.*
- ☞ *A rigid Presbyterian.*
- *A debauch'd Courtier.*
- *An University Bedle.*
- ☞ *A Phanatick.*
- *A Whore.*
- *A happy Rustick.*
- *A beastly Drunkard.*
- *An ignorant old Man.*
- ☞ *A Player.*
- *A mechanick Magistrate.*
- ☞ *A scandalous Minister.*
- *A loyal Subject.*
- *A Male-content.*
- *A noble Spirit.*
- *A bad Wife.*
- ☞ *The Rump-Parliament.*

Essayes

Essayes and *Characters.*

Of man in general.

THis visible world is a great Book written by the hand of God for his own glory and mans use; Every Creature is a leaf or page of this Volume; but man is the picture of the Author set in the Frontispice; He that abuses the Creature, makes a base Comment upon a glorious Text; but he that abuses himself, goes about to deface and blot out the effigies of his Creator.

Man consists of a soul and a body, which are never separated until death, and meet not again till the resurrection.

It was the morning salutation of the page to King *Philip*, Remember that you are a man; that is, that you have soule and body; let the sloathfull man remember that he hath a soule that must be saved; and let the proud man remember, he hath a body that must die; and then the one will not live like a beast, neither will the other think himselfe to be an Angel.

The body is but the tent or cottage of the soul, or rather that mantle which, when the spirit, (like *Elias*) ascends into heaven, is cast down and left behind upon the earth; and (as it is said concerning celestial and terrestrial bodies,) so of these two; *The glory of the body is one, and the glory of the soul* is, *another*; What is it in which the body or flesh can glory? 'tis not strength, beauty, or age; for in strength the beasts and fishes, in beauty the plants and flowers, in age the very Rocks and Stones doe far excel men. In breife, the body of man is but

a brittle earthen vessel, the center of diseases, a daughter to corruption, a sister to the *wormes*, a tenant to the grave, a little dust carried by the wind of his vital breath, which when the wind ceases, falls to the ground, and rests in the bosome of the earth from whence it was Taken.

Thus the outward or carnal man is not an object of admiration but pitty; He lies like *Lazarus* upon the dunghil of the earth; his sins are his sores, his righteousnes his rags; his friends that flatter him, and his enemies that reproach him, are all but dogs; some bark, some bite, some fawn, some lick his sores. He came naked into the world; and whatsoever he hath he beg'd it of God, and borrowed it of his fellow creatures; His Pilgrimage is from *Jerusalem* to *Jericho*, from the womb to the tomb; his constant companions are vanity and vexation, the one attends him in health and Wealth, the other

in ſickneſs and poverty; the one would draw him to preſumption, the other would drive him to deſpair; in ſhort, there is nothing does more reſemble his life then the taking a pipe of tobacco; for his gains & proffits are that which he ſucks in, his expences & diſburſtments that which he puffes out his actions like the ſmoake, are offenſive to many, and pleaſing to few or none, at length he knocks out the aſhes and ſo Concludes.

But the ſoul is mans more noble part which is capable of having communion with God, and therefore ought not to be ſubject to the body. The body is *Hagar* the *Bondwoman*, But the ſoul is *Sarah* the *free Woman*; *Sarah* muſt not be a ſlave to *Hagar*; if the fleſh deny ſubjection to the ſpirit, ſhe muſt like *Hagar* (by mortification,) be put away that ſo the free born ſoul may enjoy her liberty which is to ſerve God. The *Philoſopher* gives this definition of the ſoul;

Anima

Anima Rationalis eſt perfectio Corporis Organici, The Perfection of the body; Now as the ſoul is the perfection of the body, ſo is Chriſt the perfection of the ſoul.

For as the body without the ſoul is but a loathſom lump of rotteneſs and putrefaction; ſo the ſoul without Chriſt, is a thing dead in ſin as odious in the ſight of God as that in the eyes of men; As ſalt that hath loſt its ſavour ſuch is the ſoul that hath loſt its Saviour.

There are two faculties of a Rational ſoul; the will and the underſtanding which mutually help and aſſiſt one the other; I have heard of two men which travelled together, the one blind and the other lame; the blind carried the lame; and the lame directed the blind. The will of man is blind and therefore muſt be directed by the underſtanding; The underſtanding is lame, and therefore muſt be carried by the will; When truth it ſelf

treated of self denial, he commanded us to cut off Right hands and to pull out right eyes; Where note that he means not the members of the body, but the faculties of the soul, the understanding is the souls eye, by wch she sees, The will is her hand by which she acts and these or said to offend when they offend God; but when the one is joyned with faith, and the other with obedience, they are both instrumental to bring us to the enjoyment of our Saviour; for by the understanding we know Christ and by the will we lay hold of him.

Every man is either spiritual, or carnal: like *Solomons* two Harlots, The one carries a living child in her bosome that is the spirit, the other a dead one that is the flesh; The living child is that which breaths in holy desires, cries in devout prayers, sucks in hearing the word, grows in grace and is made perfect in glory; but the dead neither growes, cries, feeds, nor breaths,

breaths, but is a peice of formal deceit a religious carcaſe, a whited ſepulcher, which is beautiful without, but within ful of corruption.

The firſt thing which he that was miraculouſly reſtored to his ſight beheld, was men, like trees, walking; there is nothing in all the creation ſo fit an emblem of man as a tree; for as in trees there are three things to be obſerved; leaves, bloſſomes, and fruit; ſo alſo in men there are three things to be conſidered; words thoughts and deeds; He that is onely verbally good, is like the Barren fig tree which brought forth nothing but leaves; The words of men are like the leaves of the trees, yet oftentimes we know by the leaves what Fruit the tree beareth; the words of the malicious are like the leaves of Holly, very offenſive and full of prickles, the words of the unconſtant are like the leaves of Aſpine, continualy wavering, and

not to be credited; the words of the deceitful are like the fig leaves which they sew together, and make both coverings for their nakedness and cloakes for their iniquity; as for thoughts they are but blossomes, for he that onely thinks to doe good and puts it not into excecution (like K. *Agrippa* or the young man in the Gospel) is a false fair promising tree that is full of blossomes but the fruit is nipt in the bud, blasted and never comes to perfection; but mens actions are their fruits; some are like sower grapes which set on edge the teeth of all with whom they have to doe; others like the apples of *Sodome*, appear fair without, but at the first touch turn to ashes; but a godly man like a good tree brings forth pleasant fruit, which like the sweetnesse of the Vine, both pleases God, and refreshes men. To conclude, all men are trees; they which are good, shall be removed from hence to Paradise;

radiſe; but they which are evil, ſhall be cut down and caſt into the fire.

A Religious Prince.

IS a repreſentative of God, in a threefold reſpect; as a Man, as a King, and as a Chriſtian; He is compoſed of Greatneſs and Goodneſs, the Conjunction of which Stars portends happineſs to his People; In his breaſt is the Throne of Honour, and the *Parliament* of Vertue; where Power and and Pietie meet together, and Majeſtie and Mercie kiſs each other. The Rod of *Moſes* brought not ſo many miſeries upon *Egypt*, as his Scepter brings bleſſings upon *England*; His very preſence makes his Land become a *Canaan* for his innocence and ſweetneſs, like milk and hony refreſh the hearts of all his Loyall Subjects.

To make him a Man after Gods

own heart, he hath been educated in afflictions; he hath carried the Crosse before he wore the Crown, and is religious by his second birth, as well as royal by his first; so that he is a King not onely by descent but merit; for there is none fit to be the Viceroy of Christ, as he who hath been twelve yeares his Standard-bearer.

If you look into the Court, wonder not to see phantastick Gentlemen and proud Ladies; for even *Solomon* had his Apes and Peacocks; but take notice that he hath besides these a more Heavenly retinue, which obtain, not their places by bribes or interests. The Cardinal Vertues are his Domestick Servants, and the Graces are his Maids of Honour: His best Harbingers are fervent Prayers, His Cup-bearer is Temperance, and Divine thoughts attend him in his Bed-chamber; when he would be instructed, the Holy spirit is of his privie

Coun-

Counsel; and when he is in danger, the Angels are his Life-Guard.

He is byas'd in his actions and Ballasted in his passions by the fear of God; *Augustus Cæsar* could not so easily allay his anger by repeating the letters of the *Greek* Alphabet, as he by thinking of him who is Α and Ω. In a word, we may observe that *England* in those late bloody times was like the Sonne of *Cis* Tormented with an evil spirit, which could not be driven away, till we had sent for *David* the anointed of the Lord, our lawful King; How excellently he hath turned his instrument, let all the world (that sees our Reformation) Judge; For he hath made *Prudence* his Tenour, *Justice* his Base, and *Mercy* his Trebble, strining which he hath skrewed up higher then the rest (as Gods mercy is above all his works:) And therefore, those turbulent Spirits which

are not pacified with the Musick of his Government, but are still readie to cast their Javelins even at Majestie it self, are surely possessed with a worse Devil then that of *Saul*.

A reverend Divine.

WE read of Venerable *Bede*, that being blinde he was led by an unhappie boy to preach to a heap of stones. It is the complaint of many people that their preachers are like *Bede*, blind Guides; It is the grief of more Ministers, that their hearers are like that senslesse Congregation, Men of stonie hearts; It shall be my prayer, that he who is the Sun of Righteousnes, would enlighten the eyes of the one, and mollifie the hearts of the other.

The Prophets in ancient times were called *Seers*; a name very incongruous for those of our age; Few

of

of them can ſee any thing, unleſs it be moats in the eyes of others, when there are beams in their own.

Where then ſhall we find a true Divine? *Diogenes* (they ſay) ſought an honeſt man, and the Place where he ſought was *Athens* the moſt Famous Univerſitie of *Greece*: It often times falls out, that where there is the moſt Learning, there is the leaſt honeſtie.

But that muſt not be our Rule; Humane Learning is neceſſarie for a Miniſter; for without that he may interpret the Goſpel, as thoſe Infidels did the words of our dying Lord, when they ſaid, He calls upon *Elias* to come and ſave him; or like that bundle of Nonſenſe tied up in a Caſſock that would blot out *Eli*, and write *Trumpington*; or like the Biſhop of *Dunkelden*, who knew neither the Old Teſtament nor the New.

Yet this Knowledge muſt be ſanctified;

ctified; He that is *Mediocriter Doctus*, let him be *Egregie pius*: Prophane Gown-men are like *Psaphon*'s Birds; that being let out of their Cage, the Achademy, Flie into the Countrie Villages, and chirp in the Pulpits their half conn'd Μέγας Θεός, saluting their Creator as the Crow did *Cæsar* with a Complemental χαῖρε. But Latine and Greek Phrases (especially if they flow from unhallowed lips) are but a stronger charm to sleepie Consciences, and dawb an Illiterate Auditorie with the untemperate Morter of the old *Babel*.

Two things therefore qualifie a Divine for his Function χάρις & λόγος, Grace and Eloquence; He is in one sense lawfully the Husband of two Wives: Philosophie and Divinitie; for the one he did with *Jacob*, serve seven years at *Oxford* or *Cambride*, but alas, she proved a blear eyed *Leah*, and not so amiable as he expected: But he hath at length gained *Rachel*, that

that is, Divinity which is more beautiful and quicker-sighted.

He looks upon the sacred scriptures as a dial & the Holy Ghost as the Sun, whose assistance must needs be necessary for them that read for a dial without the sun is useless; yet having this help we know the truth by the one as well as the time of the day by the other; and therefore he sets the watch of his judgement by this dial; not like the fooliſh Sectaries whose erroneous opinions are like lying clocks; their braines are full of wheeles, which the lusts and passions of their hearts hurry about too fast, and make the hammers of their tongues give many false allarum's; For that bold phanatick that layes aside the holy writ, and walkes by a pretended light within, is like the Sextons wife who scorned the advice of the dial and beleived that her husbands clock went truer then the Sun. His doctrin is plain and powerful,

and

and if he use notes, it is onely for method and memory; for he delivers nothing but the fruits of his own labour and study.

As for his prayers, they are more mental then oral; his words and his meditations hasten towards God as *Peter* and *John* towards the sepulcher; but his heart like the beloved disciple out runs his tongue, and his devotion like a bullet peirces the gates of heaven before you can heare the report of the Gun.

His preaching may well be called lightening, for it hath the same wonderful operation, it effects broken hearts in sound breasts and melts the soul in the Scabberd of the body.

And as he is in regard of doctrine a light of the world so in regard of his Conversation he is the salt of the earth; indeed all good men are salt, for they season others and keep the body politick from stinking. Salt, Sulphur and Mercury, are the three prin-

principles of the Chymiſts. It was the ſin and miſery of *Sodom* and *Gomorah* that they had too little ſalt, and too much ſulphur. Thus all his actions are ſavory aud well relliſhed without groſs ſcandal that might be nauſeous and offenſive to the ſqueamiſh ſtomack of a weak brother; for his words and workes are the ſame thing, and his life is a true repetition of his ſermon.

He well underſtands what our Saviour means by a Prophets reward, and therefore he hates covetouſneſs, and ſcornes to liſten to a *Presbyterian* Call; He is well contented with a competent allowance, and accounts the love of his neighbours and the ſucceſsful fruits of his miniſtry his beſt preferment.

Neither is he only actively but alſo paſſively Good; and as his innocence ſhews that he is a ſheep, ſo his ſufferings argue that he hath been amongſt wolves. He hath alwayes honoured

the King as his maſter, and owned th
Biſhops as his fathers, and for the
ſake hath been ſilenced, not impriſo
ned; Yet he hath choſen to be ejec
ed rather then to take an Oath
gainſt his Prince, when he wa
brought to that hard *Dilemma* tha
he could not keep his *Benefice* an
the *fifth Commandement*.

But now this harmleſs dove that wa
by the Hand of Providence put ou
of the Ark of his Parſonage, is return
ed again with the olive branch o
peace in his mouth, to ſignifie tha
our deluge of blood is well abated
whereſoever therefore he is ſent, le
him be joyfully received; for (a
David ſaid of the Son of *Zadock*) h
*is a good man, and he brings good ti
dings*.

A Vertuou

A Vertuous Woman.

IS a true coppy of our mother *Eve*, with a perfect correction of all her *Errata's*; The ſecond Edition of a piece of Female divinity poliſhed with beauty, and bound up in Chaſtity, to convince the world that piety and goodneſs are of the feminine Gender.

He that beholds her thinks he ſees the propheſy of a new heaven, and a new earth, fullfilled; for her very countenance looks like the ſhamefac't bluſhes of the firſt light that peep'd out of the ill-ſhapen *Chaos*, and all her actions are Symptomes of a new Creature.

Her face is like the face of a Cherubin, which ſhe vailes in the preſence of God, becauſe it is impoſſible for her to behold his majeſty, and covers in the preſence of men becauſe it is dan-

dangerous for them to look upon her beauty.

Yet she hath an eye, not like an *ignis fatuus*, or false light which leads poore wandering men astray but like that Star which appeared in the East, brings you to the knowledge of God; for in her looks you may read lectures of modesty which invite not but check lascivious attempts; and (as the beams of the Sun put out lesser fires) extinguishes the flames of lust in the hearts of incontinent persons.

As for her cheeks they are the history of nature, wherein she hath elegantly recorded the wars of *York* and *Lancaster* in a faire discription of the combate between the white rose and the red. Her body is like a goodly *Cedar* of *Lebanon* tall and strait, or rather like the *Royall Oake* of England, the happy mansion of a most princely Tenant.

She is like *Apelles* his picture, *Venus*

to the Waste; but as for her other parts they are *Terra incognita*, for in her chamber is the shrine of chastity, and her bed is like the Sepulcher of our Saviour, a place where never man lay.

In brief, she is the most admired and the most desired thing here below; as great and strange a wonder upon earth, as she that was cloathed with the sun was in heaven; and next to *Abrahams* Bosome you would chuse to lye in hers.

To conclude, he that would have such a wife, must resolve to live alwayes unmarried; for she is an imaginarie and not a real being, rare as a *Phenix* or a *Philosophers stone*; and he that would woe her, must travel to *Utopia*.

A Rigid

A Rigid Presbyterian.

TO describe him right, is a task like that of the Tailor who took measure of the Devil; for there is nothing more like him upon earth then he; He is lined with Covetousness, and covered with Hypocrisie the root and the cloak of all evil. Although at this time he carries a Bible, at *Worcester* fight he wore a sword, so that it is hard to say whether he be of the Tribe of *Simeon* or *Levi*. He swallows contrarie Oaths faster then the *Eagles* in the *Tower* do gobbets of flesh; For *The way to Hell, and the Conscience of a Presbyterian, are two broad things*. He condemns the lawfull Rites and Ceremonies of the Church; and is more ravished with the squeaking of a Tythe Pig, then with the Musick of Organs.

He

He appears in the Pulpit (like *Æsops* Crow) in a dress of borrowed Feathers; for he preaches the workes of other men, which are so much the worse for coming out of his mouth, as wares for being of the second hand.

But it would grieve your heart to see how he racks the Ancient Fathers, when he makes his own Confession; and mangles the Modern Divines more barbarously then the Hang-man did the body of *Hugh Peters*; I am sure poore *Priscian*, gets many a broken head.

His Eloquence consists altogether in railing, as though he had got his Education at *Billinsgate*; In his Discourse he runs on like a mad Dog foaming and open-mouthed, yelping at the Reverend Bishops, and biting his brethren the Sectaries, whom he makes as mad as himself.

Yet

Yet sometimes he perceives that his stuff is too short for the hower-Glass, and then the wheeles of his Rhetorick move very heavily; he then spends much time in humming and spetting, and with the wiping of his nose makes many a filthy Parenthesis.

As for his Text, he handles that as *Moses* did his rod when it was turned into a Serpent, *he layes it down and runs away from it.* Yet his Sermon lies all written before him; for the poore Coppyholder in divinity can doe nothing without his notes; This his weakness he would have you thinke is his worth, for he charges men of abler parts with presumtion; Yet when he prayes, he shuts his eyes preferring nonsense and Tautologies before the divine Liturgie. *Vain Wretch! that dares not speak to men without papers, and yet presumes to talke to God extempore.* As for his parishioners, he saints or reprobates them according as they pay their Tithes;

Tithes, and like a *Gypſie*, tells good Fortune to none but thoſe that Croſs his hand with a piece of Silver; and by him as well as by the *Pope*, you may be Canoniz'd for Money: Thus he is a meer *Balaam* that bleſſes and curſes for reward; He that oppoſes him acts the part of an Angel, but he that ſubmits to him is worſe then an Aſs.

If you conſider his Conſtancie, he is a kind of religious *Proteus*, that is now ready to fawn upon that power againſt which he hath ſo long bark'd; If therefore there be a Church in *England* which conſiſts of men, Surely, *The Orthodox Faithful Conſtant Miniſters, are the Doors, Windowes, Pillars, Bells and Candleſticks*, and Sir *John* ſerves onely for a Weather-Cock.

It is confeſſed, that at the beginning of this Happy Reformation he was a little ſtubborn, perhaps expecting a ſecond war; but now

poor Heart!) He hath learned to pray for his Majesty, but (if you could hear the Language of his soul) it is so as impatient Heirs pray for their rich Fathers. There are two sorts of men, who having escaped a deserved pair of Gallowes, pray for the King very strangely, that is a Felon, whilest the Executioner burns his hand, and a Traytor, whilest the Devil fears his Conscience.

If you would know his name, you may find it subscribed to an ugly Petition, for where *Bradshaw* was the *Pilate* that condemned; he was one of those *Jews* that cried *Crucifie*; He professes sorrow for the Martyrdom of our late Soveraign Lord: But believe him not, for his hand helpt to hale him to the block: In a word, he is (at best) but a State-Crocodile, and one that is Maudlin drunk with the Kings blood.

No more, but if you chance to meet with *Cleveland's Hue and Crie*,

you

Emanuel Thesaurus makes a kinde of jest at our Father *Adams* fall, and says, *quia Deum non coluit, Terram coluit*, but the honest Plowman doth both; for though his imployment be like the imployment of *Cain*, yet his sacrifice is like the sacrifice of *Abel*; in this he differs from the silken Apes of *London*; he hath durty hands, and a clean heart.

He is early up both at his Devotion and Labour, the watchful Cock is his Chaplain, whose crowing puts him in mind not onely of his work, but of his sins, as it once did *Peter*: The greatest part of the Day he spends in honest pains; and when he takes his recreation, it is harmless, wholsome and manful.

Although he abounds not in wealth, he is master of one precious Jewel, a contented mind, which (like the *Philosophers stone*) turns all it toucheth into Gold, and makes every

poor Heart!) He hath learned to pray for his Majesty, but (if you could hear the Language of his soul) it is so as impatient Heirs pray for their rich Fathers. There are two sorts of men, who having escaped a deserved pair of Gallowes, pray for the King very strangely, that is a Felon, whilest the Executioner burns his hand, and a Traytor, whilest the Devil sears his Conscience.

If you would know his name, you may find it subscribed to an ugly Petition, for where *Bradshaw* was the *Pilate* that condemned; he was one of those *Jews* that cried *Crucifie*; He professes sorrow for the Martyrdom of our late Soveraign Lord: But believe him not, for his hand helpt to hale him to the block: In a word, he is (at best) but a State-Crocodile, and one that is Maudlin drunk with the Kings blood.

No more, but if you chance to meet with *Cleveland's Hue and Crie*, you

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every condition pleasant. In short he is one, at whose door the weary *Cynick* may set down his Lanthorn, and say, Ευρηκα.

A Beastly Drunkard.

I, Who these 26. years have been a *Pilgrim* in the wilderness of this world, have observed therein two sorts of Beasts; There are *Quadrupedes*, or fourefooted Beasts, and these did God make in the great world; and there are *Bipedes*, or twofooted Beasts, and these did man make in the little world of himself: Unto the Beasts which God made, did *Adam* give names; but unto the Beasts which Man made, did the Devil give names: Amongst the rest, a Drunkard, which is in truth no other then a Swine, doth our Grand Impostor call a good fellow.

But away with this vizzord, such good

good fellows are not fit to have fellowſhip with God, nor ſocietie with good men, but rather to go in the company of that briſtled Herd, which is turned out before the Swine-ard.

A Drunkard is inwardly (and ſome times outwardly) a beaſt; he was once a man, but his His Hoſteſſe *Circe* or *Morphandra*, with the powerful charm of her Pots and Flaggons, hath quite changed his ſhape: He was once a free man, but now he is a ſlave to his own luſt; For he that makes Indentures with his feet, doth bind himſelf Apprentice to Senſualitie; he is condemned to the Prodigals drudgerie, that is, *To feed ſwine*, to foſter and foment an inſatiable brutiſh appetite which hath learned the Language of the Horſleaches daughter, Give, Give. Laſtly, he was once a living man; but now he is dead in ſin and (like the *French* Embaſſadours child) hath his heart buried in a cup.

In the curse of *Jeroboam* God threatens to cut off him that pisseth against the wall; the Drunkards may well have a share in this curse; for they live onely to pisse against the wall, even the lavish expence of that which should relieve and succour their poor wives and children: But surely the stones of those walls shall crie out against these men at the day of judgement.

But to conclude, let him that is an immoderate drinker, remember the Story of *Dives*; there is no tipling in Hell; Let him remember the Story of *Judas*, the sop made way for the Devil; Let him consider the words of the young Prophets to *Elisha*, There is death in the Pot.

An ignorant old man.

IS one who diſhonours his Age by his folly; a man in years, but a child in underſtanding; he hath lived ſo long, till the world and himſelf are mutually weary one of another. And he cares not how ſoon he leaves this, if he vvere but prepared for a better; he is grovvn very near his grave, but far enough from Heaven; in his crookedneſs his ſoul and body obſerve an equal proportion; for neither of them vvalk uprightly: He vvill tell you many ſtories of things that vvere done in the dayes of Queen *Elizabeth*, and yet you may poſe him, if you ask him vvhat he remembers of the laſt Sermon he heard; Thus like a Crab-fiſh, he is cravvling tovvards his long home, and yet he looks backvvard at his former follies, not conſidering his lat-

ter end, ſpending moſt of his dayes in conning his Preterperfect tenſe, but not at all regarding the Future.

Old men when they are vexed and diſcontented, are very apt to invite death; but (in cold blood) wonderous unwilling to give him entertainment. *Æſop* tells us of an aged Man, who being grievouſly laden with a bundle of ſticks, caſt them down; and as though his Life had been a burden unto him as well as his wood, he began very paſſionately to call for Death: Death, (who ſeldome ſtayes till he is called or ſent for) on the ſudden appears *Vouz Avez*, Maſter *Mors*, What would my Grandſire have? The old man that was willing to live another winter, and to warm his fingers with the Fewel which he had provided; intreated the grim *Skelleton*, that he would onely help him up with his load. Thus carnal ſpirits in ſome formal Confeſſion, may throw down the

the burden of their ſins; and deſire to be diſſolved; but when the pale Meſſenger, who muſt work his Diſſolution, once knocks at the doore and cries, *Adſum*, Oh how loth they are to die? they had rather ſtill live in their former ſlaverie, although it is to be porters to ſin, and packhorſes to Satan.

Have you never been entertaind in a Noble Mans buttery, and obſerved the policy of the ſervants how you muſt firſt drink with one, then with another, after him with another, until every one hath had a ſingle courſe at you, and at laſt run you quite off your legs; thus abuſing their Lords Hoſpitalitie, by making men drunk.

Juſt ſuch is the world, where ſeveral temptations ſtrive to intoxicate the poore ſtranger, man; there is a thing called *Cupid*, which drinks the Sack of Eyes, and the Claret of Lips; There is a thing called *Mam-*

mon, who like *Cleopatra*, or Sir *Thomas Greſham*, doth ſwallow Pearles and Jewels: There is another called Revenge, which drinks nothing but blood.

In this Company, hath our old man tippled away the Morn of his Youth, the Noon of his Strength, and the Evening of his Age, and is now laid down to take a nap in the Grave, where we leave him till the Reſurrection.

A Player.

IS an Artificial fool, that gets his living by making himſelf ridiculous; he hath lickt up the Vomit of ſome drunken Poet & (like a jugler) caſts it up again before a thouſand Spectators. He is the ignorant mans Wonder, the rich mans Jeſter, and the Devils Factor, that by a ſtrange deluſion ſends men laughing to hell.

Yet I confeſs that Comedies, (if not

not prophane nor lascivious) may be sometimes lawful recreations for great Persons, whose melancholly heads are daily troubled with weightie Affaires: But unto incontinent Youth, (those Martyrs of Lust, and uncleanness) they are but as Oyle to their flames, and as bags of gun-powder tied under their Armes.

Hence it was that Heroick *Sidney* upon his Death-bed condemned that rare Monument of his matchless wit, his *Arcadia* to be burned, fearing perhaps least it should burn others; *Romances* and *Playes*, are dangerous Edge-Tooles, which unwarie Readers must not meddle with: They are hot burning Irons, which Chaste Ladies like the Empresse *Kunnigund* may safely handle without hurt, whilest other goe away with burned ------ and seared Consciences.

The effeminate Citizens of *Sybaris*, were so much given to mirth

and jollitie, that they taught their very Horses to dance, but when the Martial Trumpet called forth these *Carpet Knights* into the Field, the merry Palfreyes (according to their former Education) danced *deaths dance* before their Enemies. How many of the more effeminate *English* are trained up in wantonnesse, dancing and playing? But I wonder how they will dance at the sound of the last Trumpet, or what new Maske they will have at the day of Judgement.

But not to regard these Shaddowes, let us looke a little at the Substan e; our Life is but an Interlude; Happie is he that acts his part well.

There are some who turn a *Comedie* into a *Tragedie*, and as the first *Psalme*, begin with Blessednesse, and end with perishing; But he is the most excellent Actor, who imitates Christ, and the best *Comoedie* is a Holy Conversation.

A Mechanick Magiſtrate.

WHen God firſt created Man, he did miraculouſly form him out of the Duſt of the Earth, without the *Medium* of Natural Generation; and when Chriſt firſt Ordained Miniſters, he did extraordinarily call poor Fiſhermen from their Nets, who had not the help of Humane Learning; So likewiſe, there was a time when God raiſed up Magiſtrates from mean employments, *Saul* from ſeeking Aſſes, *David* from keeping Sheep, *Sangar* and *Gideon* from Husbandrie to be Kings and Judges over his people. But now miracles are ceaſed; and although all men are Created by God, yet they are begotten by men their Fathers. And though all lawful Miniſters are ſent by God, yet they are outwardly called by Biſhops, the

Fathers of the Church; though all true Magiſtrates are appointed by God, yet they muſt have their Commiſſions from the King, who is the Supream Earthly Magiſtrate, and the Father of the Countrie. We muſt not now look to ſee men immediately created, or Magiſtrates and Miniſters miraculouſly inſpired and called; It is folly and preſumption to ſeek after either; for there is as much unwarrantableneſs in the one, as impoſſibilitie in the other.

Yet our *Jereboam*, *Cromwell*, did not onely make Prieſts of the meaneſt of the people, but Juſtices of the baſeſt of Tradeſ-men. We reade that *Julius Cæſar* was ſtabbed to death with bodkins; I confidently believe that it were the bodkins of Taylors, the Awles of Cobblers, and the tooles of other Mechannicks, not the Swords of any true Nobilitie, or Gentrie, that murdered our late *Cæſar* of Glorious memory.

mory. And theſe blew-aprond Benchers were called, The Keepers of the Libertie of *England*, and yet enemies to Truth, diſturbers of Peace, perverters of Judgement, and blots in the *Magna Charta*, both of Humane and Divine Lawes.

Such a one was he who knew no other Law but that of the Sword, and deſired to act by an illegal arbitrarie power. He was a great Enemy to Fidlers, Wakes, and May-Poles; but poor beggers he perſecuted without mercie: For obſerve, *There was none ſo cruel againſt beggars, as thoſe that made them ſo*; When they came to his doore, he would ſhew them the Courteſie of the Town, a pair of Stocks or Whiping-poſt, and ſometimes his Charitie would prefer them to a Priſon: He lived frugally upon his ill-purchaſed Lands, foreſeeing perhaps the Change that was to follow: For his Counſel he made uſe of his Clerk, and ſome neigh-

neighbouring Priest who came into the Pulpit, by the same sword that brought him upon the Bench; And for his Almoner, he kept a great Mastiff Dog, who would open at a stranger as loud as a Son of the *Kirk* of *Scotland*, when he railes against the *Prelates*, and *Common-Prayer-Booke*. The baseneſſe of his spirit was seen in his insulting over Noble and Honourable Persons; for he made his betters to buckle, and comply, and taught even Lords themselves to say *Shibboleth*; As for those that stood out, he robd them both of their profits and pleasures, and allowed them neither wealth nor recreation, but made their Houses become their Prisons, and confined them to their own thresholds. Thus were the poor Gentlemen inclosed in a Magick Circle, where they continued until this Devil was conjured down; For they durst not so much as ride a hunting for fear of him, who (like *Nimrod*)

was

was himself the greatest Hunter.

But now (blessed be God) that Game is over, and some of those Dogs, who (like *Acteons* Hounds,) worried their Master, are already hanged, and the rest have Clogs, and Collars; and as for his Worship, he is out of Commission, abused, contemned, reviled and trampled upon by those people, amongst whom he lately acted his part, and played Justice *Nimis* to some, and *Nihil* to others.

The Case is altered, and Heaven hath now restored our Judges as at the first, and our Counsellours as at the beginning, and the Mechanical Magistrate is now made an Example, and not a Minister of Justice.

A scandalous Minister.

TRue it is that we have all failings, and every soul may read that word in *Belshazzars* Hand-writing, and apply it to himself; *TEKEL*, *Thou art weighed in the ballance and found wanting*; Yet there is an allowance for light Gold, and Charitie will abate us of some of our infirmities: There are degrees of wickednesse, as well as goodnesse; and as one Star differs from another in Glory, so one sin differs from another in Malignitie; Mens transgressions are like their Talents, some have more, and some lesse; *Chorazin* and *Bethsaida* out-sinned *Tyre* and *Sidon*; There are scandals in Grain, and sinnes of a deep Die, which not onely crie, but roare for vengeance. There is no man lives without offence, and yet there are some offences

offences which make men unfit to live, as Treason, Murder, and others; There is no Minister without sin, and yet there are some sins which may make a minister unworthy to follow his Function. If a Lawyer be once proved to be faced like *Janus*, and to receive a Fee from the Plaintiffe, and a Bribe from the Defendant, he is presently thrown over the Bar, and suffered no longer to Plead; and why may not a Priest, that pleads for God in his words, and yet sollicits for the Devil in his actions, be cast out of the Pulpit, and suffered no longer to preach? *If thy right eye offend thee, pull it out, and cast it from thee*; If the Parson who is, (or at leastwise should be) the right eye of the Parish, be scandalous, let him be pull'd out and ejected, for better it is that one man should suffer in temporal things, then that a whole Congregation of souls should perish for want of knowledge.

Now

Now there are divers ſcandals, which brings ſtains to the Black-Coats of the Clergy; There is idleneſs, ſwearing, Sabbath-breaking, and drunkenneſs, the old-faſhioned ſins of the *Caſſock*, which cauſed our late Eclipſe of *Epiſcopacy*; And there is Pride, Covetouſneſs, Hypocriſie, Envie, Malice, and others the new faſhioned ſins of the *Jump*, who have, (or I hope will cauſe) the downfal of that *Dagon*, *Presbytery*; And all *theſe* are abominations in the ſight of God, burdens to the people, Black-patches in the face of Divinitie, and blots in the Scutcheon of *Levi*.

A ſcandalous Miniſter is a prophane ignorant dunce, whom his Parents (looking more at the durty lucre of Tythes, then the weightineſs of the Calling) deſigned for the Prieſt-hood, although he were as unfit for that work, as blind *Tobit* to be a Centinel, or *Mephibosheth* to be a Foot-

Foot-poſt. In order to his preferment, they ſent him to the *Univerſitie*, where he ate, drank, and ſlept, plaid a match or two at Foot-ball, ſtole a Pig, ran away from the *Proctor*, and ſtaid ſeven years to as much purpoſe, as the King of *France* with twenty thouſand men, went up the Hill, and ſo came down agen. At length, making a Friend of *Mammon* he obtaines a Benefice, where, by his weak diſcharging of Cure, and his evil ordering of his Converſation, he made the Clergy begin to grow odious, and many Conſcientious people for want of bread at home, to run to other Churches, and if it were not to be had there, to turn Separatiſts, keep private Conventicles, liſten to Lay-Preachers, and at length come to be preachers themſelves; for his weakneſs made them too much preſume upon their own ſtrength; For becauſe many (through bribery and corruption) have obtained

tained an outward Call to the Ministry without Qualifications, it hath made others exercise their Qualifications without a Call; Were it not for slothful Shepherds, the Wolves would be kept out; and were it not for such pittiful *Sir Johns*, we should not have so many Sectaries.

He is in his Pulpit A *Cloud without water*, a black thing hanging over the heads of the people, but there is no *Doctrine drops from him like the Rain, nor Speech like the Dew upon the tender herbs*; but a strange hodge-podge discourse, stuft with the husks and shells of Divinity, which in stead of Explaining the Scripture makes it more dark, like a thick Curtain drawn before a window, which keeps out the light, and makes those that are in a Lethargie of ignorance to sleep more securely.

Many years had he not followed this trade, but (as though providence had had a mind to wean him from the

the dugs of the Bel-ropes) he was by *Cromwells* Commiſſioners unlawfully, and yet juſtly ejected; If they had hanged him up, I think they had neither committed Murder, nor he ſuffered Martyrdome.

But now thruſting himſelfe in amongſt thoſe learned and pious Divines, who ſuffered for Conſcience, Truth, and Loyalty, he is returned with a prodigious *Omen* to his poor neighbours; who ſigh to ſee the Ravens come back as well as Doves; he hath now poſſeſſion of his Pulpit, although it would be fitter for him to be amongſt the Bears in *Paris-Garden:* And blind *Balaam* is once more got into the ſaddle, but I beſhrow that hand, which held him the ſtirrup.

And now (inſtead of promiſes of Reformation) he begins to Court his Pariſhioners with *Rehoboams* Complement, telling them that now his finger ſhall be thicker then his loyns were

were before, and that now he may tipple *Cum Privilegio*; and as for ſwearing, the Crime is Venial. And (laſtly) that nothing which can be charged againſt him can make him uncapable of injoying his Benefice, ſave only if he ſpeak againſt the Perſons or power of Prelates.

Truly (Reader) If it were ſo, the Biſhops would ſtand as long as the Pageants in *London* ſtreets, and no longer; If they be zealous in puniſhing their own enemies, and ſlack in puniſhing the Enemies of God; If he that ſpeaks againſt an earthly Prelate, muſt taſte of a Pillory, and have his ears pay for the boldneſs of his Tongue; and yet prophane ſwearers, who blaſpheme the name of Chriſt (who is the Biſhop of our ſouls) be mildly checkt with a *Not ſo my ſons*, and ſtill permitted to ſerve at the Holy Altar, we ſhall then ſee Lawn ſleeves once again whipped out of the Temple; if they will-

not

not maintain the Honour and Glory of God, then God will not maintain theirs; but ſuffer their Glory to be taken from their heads, and their Honour to be laid in the duſt. It was a great Errour in old *Eli* to condemn Devotion for Drunkenneſſe; It would be a greater in his Succeſſors, to tolerate Drunkenneſs in ſtead of Devotion.

But let the Countrey have more honourable thoughts of the Reverend Hierarchy, and expect a ſudden winnowing and ſifting of the Miniſtrie: For both God in his Word, and the King in his Declaration, have promiſed us able Preachers; and the Overſeers muſt take care that their will be done.

A Loyal

A Loyal Subject.

FEar *God*, and *Honour the King*, are two duties which the Apoſtle hath joyned together; and therefore no man can ſeperate them. He that is not a good Subject, cannot be a good Chriſtian. *He that loveth not his brother whom he hath ſeen, can not love God whom he hath not ſeen*; and as in love, ſo in fear, honour, and obedience we may obſerve, that he that honoureth not the King, who is his viſible God, can not ſerve God who is his inviſible King.

It was a ſad complaint of Cardinal *Woolſey*, that he had been very diligent and careful to ſerve the King, but too unmindful and negligent to ſerve God; (*I wiſh that his words be not fit for the mouths of ſome of our age*) Yet the Modern Rebels made a ſhift to avoid that Rock, but loſt them-

themſelves in the Quick-ſands of Diſloyaltie; And pretended to ſerve God, whileſt they denied obedience to his Vice-gerent. And therefore if *Woolſey* ſerved the King, it was for his own baſe ends; And if our Covenanting Zelots ſerved God, it was onely to make him a Patron of their Rebellion.

A loyal Subject is a good Chriſtian who carefully and conſciencioufly obſerves both the firſt and the fifth Commandement, and carries a fair Correſpondence both to Heaven and Earth, not robbing God to pay *Cæſar*, but rendring honour, fear, tribute, homage, and ſervice to whom they are due.

It follows then, He is no ſwearer, for therein he would diſhonour the Majeſtie of Heaven, and pull down a judgement upon the Kingdome; *Becauſe of Oaths the Land mourns*, And where the Land mourns, I know not how the King ſhould be merry;

merry; He who ſpeaks treaſonable words deſerves death, then what will become of ſwearers and blaſphemers, who dayly ſpeak treaſonable words againſt the King above.

Neither is he one of thoſe *Pot-Champions*, who have nothing to manifeſt their faithfulneſs, but that they talked of his Majeſtie in the Tavern, he remembers the King in his Prayers, oftner then in his Cups; and is very ſenſile of that Cup, which his Saviour and his Soveraign both drank of, and hath choſen rather to pledge them in a bitter draught of Affliction ſpiced with ſequeſtration and impriſonment, and having a block or Gallows at the bottome; then to tipple in thoſe baſe Elements of Wine and Beer; for to drink bowls and glaſſes of Sack, will ſooner increaſe the wealth of the King of *Spain*, then the health of the King of *England*.

In a word, (although it may be more

more eaſie to ſhew you what he is not, then what he is) he is a prudent Counſellour, a faithful Informer, and a valiant Souldier, like *Joſeph* to King *Pharaoh*, like *Mordeca* to King *Ahaſhuerus*, and like *Monke* to King *Charles*.

A Male content.

IS a thing quite contrary to a Temporizer, for he ſwimmes alwayes againſt the Tide: His chief end is that he may be taken notice of in the World; and (like *Theudas*) he boaſteth himſelfe *to be ſome body*; he is an Enemy both to Civil and Religious Ordinances, and is offended at that which even God himſelf hath ſet up: He was not pleaſed in the dayes of the Old King, nor contented in the time of Tyranny, neither is he ſatisfied now, but having ſeen two dayes, and a night

he hath still continued in an unquiet condition, for in the day time the heat of the Sun hath molested him; and in the night he hath barked at the moon;

He is not altogether void of learning; but hath Philosophy enough to make him an Atheist; And Divinitie to serve him to take Gods Name in vain; Yet he is a meer child in Knowledge, continually crying and whining, and knows not what he would have. His ignorance is joyned with willfulnesse, which makes it beyond the cure of a Pestel Morter.

He hath been used to Cant very Highly, which hath endangered (if not effected) the cropping his lugs; but such a poor punishment doth but harden him in his folly, for they cannot circumcise his heart with his ears.

In short, he is a mere *Lilburn*, or *King-Fisher*, Who, though you should

should hang him up, would turn his breast against the wind.

A noble Spirit.

IS one that hath really attained to that which King *Agrippa* was almost perswaded unto, that is *Christianitie*, which is a kind of Nobilitie that comes by the second birth much more excellent then that of blood; yet if he be of an honorable Family, it adds lustre to his Religion, and makes his vertues more conspicuous; However he hath a more then ordinary birth-right, not only above all other Creatures as a Man, but above other men as a Christian; and is possessed of not only the one Talent that is Natural, Reason, and the two, that is the Law of *Moses*; but also of the five, that is the Gospel of Christ; Thus by Adoption he is the eldest brother, and his Portion is more then

double the *Jews* and the *Heathens.*

And by the improvement of theſe Talents, he is grown very rich in grace, having found out and purchaſed that Treaſure which is hid in a Field, redeemed his time, renued his Covenant, and bought the Truth, which is better then Riches; better then Riches indeed, for it is a ſure ſtock, not ſubject to the corruption of Moth and Ruſt, or the violence of Thieves and Robbers, but beyond the Reach of *Rumps*, Devils, or Sequeſtrators.

He Trafficks by his bountie to the poor, as Merchants by Bills of Exchange, freely disburſing part of his Eſtate here, well knowing he ſhall receive it a thouſand fold hereafter; Nay more, her hath learned the higheſt point of Religion, that is, *To doe good to them who doe evil to him*; and this is Chriſtians *Vnguentum Armentarium*, which heals the Patient by being applied unto the inſtrument wherewith he is wounded. To

To conclude, he is compounded of an Ounce of Serpent, and a Pound of Dove, *Martha*, and *Mary*, a Protestant Faith, and a Roman Catholick Charitie.

A bad wife.

WHen the common enemy of Mankind, Satan had obtained a commission from the high Court of Heaven to afflict poor *Job*; he took away his Sheep, Camels, Asses, Oxen, Servants, and Children, but tis observed he left him that (cursed thing) they call his wife; Oh the subtilty of the old Fox! Who in every particular affliction slew all his servants save only one whom he left to grieve him wiah the news of his losses, and so likewise in his general calamity slew all his neer relations but only his Wife, whom he left to vex and torment him, for he thought he did him

him as much injury in leaving her as in taking his children.

When our first Parents made themselves Garments of Fig leaves to cover their nakednesse, in what fashion they were, I cannot tell; but one translation cals them *Aprons*, and an other *Breeches*; and no marvaile, for in *London* it is common for Men to weare *Aprons*, but more common for Women to weare *Breeches*.

When Apprentices have served out their time, and are made free, they usually say they have buried their Wives; It seems then they account their apprentiship a marriage, if so let the words be *termini convertibiles*, for (without question) marriage is an apprentiship.

In a word, if you would know what an evil Woman is, ask the Citizens of *London*, they can best inform you; she is a great burden, and a grievous cross, which none knows but he that hath her.

side then the other, and the tail stood where the head should stand; then had not the Tower so many savage Creatures as the *Parliament* House, and the Serpents skin was not so monstrous a sight, as the *Scottish* Covenant.

A long time they sate; but to what purpose? To weave Spiders webs, & to hatch Cockatrice-egs; They made fine Cobweb-lawes, that would catch little Felons, but would not hold Grand-Traitors? Pettie thieves did sometimes stand at the Barre, whilest great ones sate upon the Bench; and blind Justice prepared a pair of Stocks for one sort of Drunkards, and a Throne for another; as though it were a greater sin to be drunk with Wine, then Blood.

But herein was the height of their malice and crueltie, that as they had destroyed Gods Image in their own souls and Mans Image in the KINGS *Body*, so they thought it

him as much injury in leaving her as in taking his children.

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it neceſſary to leave out *Cæſars* Image upon the pieces of money, and for their Coyne, deviſed a new ſtamp, a new Inſcription, *Deus nobiſcum*: no wonder, It was a right *Motto*, for the *Silver* was their *Emanuel*, and of the *Moneyes* they might truly ſay, *God with us*.

But Heaven was juſt; and for all theſe things God called them to an account. They who for a long time had uſed tedious Prayers, as ſo many Graces before their meals, of Widdowes houſes; They which had ſwallowed up ſuch ſweet morſels of unjuſtly ſequeſtred lands, they who were intoxicated with the Wine of the Grapes of *Naboths* Vineyard, began now to ſurfet, fell extream ſick, and were neceſſitated to one of theſe Remedies, either the *Halter*, or the *Act of Indempnitie*.

As for thoſe who died in their beds, and had their Trials adjourned till the Day of Judgement; although

though thier Deaths were not Answerable to their deserts, yet they were suitable to their lives, and their latter end, were like their beginning, and the rest of their actions. They lived and died notorious thieves, for as in their life-time they plundered the *Church*, so at their death they rob'd the *Gallows*.

FINIS.